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THE NEXT BEST.

When wine and ale are gone and spent,
Small beer is most excellent.

It is of great importance, when we have failed to obtain, or, after obtaining, have lost, the object of our chief wishes, that we should contentedly and promptly take up with the Next Best. To do so will seldom be very difficult with a well-regulated mind; for the desires of most men so far exceed their real necessities, that there is generally room to fall back a considerable way, without encountering absolute destitution. The very wrecks of an ambitious aim are something, and it is rarely that we may not, out of them, construct a raft that will at least bear us above the billows. All is never lost, though to say that it is so is one of the most common and familiar of phrases. Nor is the reversion ever altogether unavailable, where there is a will to render it so.

When an illustrious modern literary character found himself precipitated from imaginary affluence, and was compelled to quit a splendid mansion for a furnished lodging, he answered the condolences of some of his friends with the declaration that in many respects he was happier now than he had been for a considerable time before: his real wants and comforts were as effectually cared for as ever; all he wanted was the trappings. This, we are persuaded, is the state of mind in which many men would be found, who are supposed to be suffering poignant misery in consequence of reduced circumstances. Proverbial as is the insatiability of the human heart, it would appear that there is a certain point beyond which all that we gain contributes little to genuine enjoyment: hence, when we are brought back to that point, or thereabouts, we suffer hardly at all. It is our first wants that are the most clamorous, and these, compared with those which afterwards rise upon us, are easily satisfied. It is very evident, moreover, that, in the gratification of the first wants, there lies a far greater pleasure than in any of the rest. The staple articles of diet, such as bread, are not only the cheapest and most easily acquired, but they are those which most permanently and truly yield pleasure to our palates. In being reduced, then, to these, there can be no hardship, for every other want is comparatively easy to satisfy, and, in the satisfaction, yields comparatively little pleasure. Every one who has ever, in the course of a country excursion, or under any other circumstances, experienced the delight of devouring some simple but ever agreeable article of food—some of what Milton speaks of as

“—savoury messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.”

served up without ceremony, and washed down by some equally simple beverage, must have been impressed with this idea. He must have seen, with surprise, what a small portion of his income was necessary to purchase the natural ordinary aliment which both appetite and taste demanded; and the conviction could not but tend to reconcile him to the risk which all of us run in this world, of having some day to sit down with the Next Best.

One objection may be made to our doctrine—namely, that the exchange of high artificial gratifications for simple ones, is apt to affect the spirit more than the body, and is therefore a less surmountable evil than it is here represented. The force of this objection must be allowed so far: the higher gratifications are chiefly gratifications of the mind and the feelings, and the abstraction of them cannot fail to be grievous. It is not, however, an unredeemed evil. The more exalted the circumstances in which we are placed, the more does our life assume the character of a pageant, and the more constraint is put upon our natural dis-

positions. The rich man lives in a great measure for others—and he cannot, while rich, do otherwise: the poor man lives for himself. In the case of the admired individual above alluded to, it is certain that a great part of his satisfaction arose from the more natural circumstances to which he found adversity had reduced him. His house, his time, his revenue, had never formerly been his own; but now they were entirely so. The wearisome ceremonial character, which he had been obliged to support, was now at length thrown off. He once more became a free and natural man. The very novelty of these enjoyments, negative as they were, was sufficient to blunt the first arrowy shower which Fortune had poured upon him; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, after their novelty was past, they were still qualified to reconcile him to the want of that ideal greatness of condition, which he once thought he had enjoyed. In truth, just as simple viands please longest and best, so do simple ideal pleasures. A few domestic and social enjoyments, founded on sincerity and innocence—the exercise of a few self-repaying duties—the respect of the good who know us, and the peace that dwells in the benevolent and unsullied heart—these form the staple cheer of existence, after our physical wants are satisfied.

The most of men must have experienced sufficient varieties of fortune to observe how valuable a small sum is, in the hands of one who has no more, compared with the same sum as *part of* what another person possesses, or what he himself may possess at another time. A capital of twenty shillings, in the former case, may be turned to such advantage, as not only to afford present support, but lay the foundation of a fortune—while, with many, twenty shillings are only an unobserved and useless drop in a stagnant sea of money! If such a sum may do so much for one starting from poverty, it may be of equal service to one who ends there. In a reduction from affluence, it by no means follows that, because we have only units where formerly we had thousands, our happiness or our means of exertion are proportionally impaired: they are only impaired in the ratio of our decreased powers of obtaining what we most desire in life, and these are never so much lessened as are the arithmetical figures in which our fortunes are expressed. Say an individual sinks from a capital of five hundred pounds to one of five. He is not thereby a hundred times poorer. Five pounds may be turned over to perhaps a tenth part of the advantage of five hundred, and, if this be the case, the reduction is only to a tenth, not to a hundredth. Besides, there is a capital in the heads and hands of men, in their experience and skill, which remains entire under all circumstances, and, if wrought into the calculation, may materially lessen the actual reduction. Say the first capital was five hundred pounds, and the second the same; the loss of four hundred and ninety-five still leaves above the half of the actual possessions, and the most valuable part too—for it is always easier to find a market for ingenuity than for money.

If it is thus evident that our losses are often much less than they appear to be, and also that they have a less effect than is generally supposed in diminishing the enjoyments of life, how forcibly are we called upon, on the occurrence of any great failure or disappointment, to take up with the next best object that may present itself! What would we think of that mariner who, because his ship was no longer sea-worthy, refused to save his life in the long-boat? Precisely the same case is that of a man who, finding himself unfortunate in one pursuit, abandons the whole, either despairing of future success, or disdaining to save his

life, and all that life implies, where he could not also save some contemptible piece of this world's goods. Let every one who, in common language, calls himself a ruined man, reflect on the real extent of his loss, and seriously ponder whether he be so or not. Is he stripped of every penny he had in the world? True, he is so; but is he also deprived of his senses, his muscular strength, his dexterity of hand, his knowledge of business and of life, his intellect, his reputation? Unless he be so, and remain merely a torpid lump of animal matter, with a mouth to be fed, but no means of food procuring, he cannot be considered a ruined man. He is only one who has lost a part of his means of subsistence, retaining behind what assures him against ever being altogether in want. Francis, after the battle of Pavia, said, “all is lost save honour;” and the expression, though confessing to a greater loss than what really took place, contains much pith. No man who, after all his losses, preserves a good repute, can be said to have any reason to fear: the talisman of fortune remains with him—like the ring of Aladdin, when he wandered forlorn through the desert—ready to be used for the immediate reproduction of wealth. With that alone, he is still rich; without it, Plutus himself were a pauper.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

NO. IV.—TRANCES.

It is remarked by those who are accustomed to attend on the dying, and to examine the bodies of the dead, that the indications of life having left the frame are generally too certain to leave any doubt upon their minds that death has not taken place. In cases of sudden death, however, as well as in instances of persons subject to different kind of fits, in which the usual melancholy appearances of dissolution are not speedily exhibited, it is often exceedingly difficult to say whether death has or has not occurred. We consider it to be of importance to say a few words on this subject.

The ordinary signs of death are the prostrate stiff posture, absence of pulsation in the arteries, cessation of respiration, stoppage of circulation in the veins, paleness and lividity of the surface and countenance, insensibility of all the parts, coldness, and the commencement of the putrefactive process; but there is no doubt that many of these signs may occur so as to occasion apparent death, while the individual is still capable of being resuscitated. Although the body, as in the case of a drowned person, may have assumed all the appearance of being dead, yet that incomprehensible principle, life, may still be lingering in the frame, and by certain applications may be once more moved into action, and the body, like a machine which is put in motion after being stopped, again restored to the performance of its usual functions. The popular method of determining the want of respiration is by the application of a mirror to the mouth, in order that the aqueous vapour of the breath may be condensed on its surface. Another mode of determining the presence or absence of respiration is that of laying a light downy feather or any similar substance on the lips, in the expectation that it will be visibly moved by the slightest expiration; yet neither of these methods can be regarded as unerring tests of the reality of death; because respiration, depending on the action of the heart, may, as in syncope, be for a time suspended, yet again restored. We may daily find instances where the mirror may be applied to the lips of persons who have fainted, without in the slightest degree becoming tarnished. Insensibility, coldness and rigidity of the limbs, may also be pre-

sent, yet are not to be regarded as unerring criteria of the reality of death; because, in epilepsy, catalepsy, and other convulsive diseases, the same appearances occur. When a person falls into a fainting fit, the heart contracts so feebly that it does not transmit the usual stimulus of blood to the brain; hence arises insensibility, and the difficulty, and sometimes impossibility, of feeling the pulse at the wrist; hence also the coldness and paleness of the surface of the body. Instances are recorded of persons having remained in this condition for many hours, and even days; and they are said, on such occasions, to be lying in a state of trance.

We may adduce, as an example, the trance experienced by the honourable Mrs Godfrey, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. This lady had been a long time ill in consequence of the recent death of her brother the duke; but one Sunday, fancying herself rather better than she had been for some time, and able to go to chapel, as she was dressing herself for that purpose, she suddenly fell down to all appearance dead. The screams of her woman and a female friend brought Colonel Godfrey into the room, who directed that his lady should be instantly put to bed, and that two persons should sit with her till indubitable symptoms appeared of her decease. In this state it is said she remained for several days, and, when she recovered, as in all similar cases, had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred. It may, indeed, be observed that in epilepsy, catalepsy, the state of magnetic somnambulism, &c. the individuals, no matter how long a period they may be so affected, awaken without the least recollection of any thing that has happened. There is no doubt whatever that well-authenticated instances are on record of persons having been unhappily buried alive when labouring under a swoon, supposed to be actual death. Lancisi, first physician to Pope Clement XI., reports, that, during the time of the plague, many persons were interred under the supposition of their being dead, although they had reason to discover afterwards that they were buried alive. Vesalius, the father of anatomy, it is well known, had commenced dissecting a woman who had apparently died in an hysterical fit, when he perceived, on making the first incision, by her motions and cries, that she was still alive. The circumstance rendered him so odious in the sight of his fellow-countrymen, that he was forced to quit his native country, and, being shipwrecked on the coast of Spain, died of hunger. Howard, in his work on Prisons, says, "I have known instances where persons supposed to be dead of the jail fever, and brought out for burial, on being washed with water, have shown signs of life, and soon afterwards recovered." Dr Gordon, in his treatise on Forensic Medicine, has observed, that, in cases of precipitancy and confusion, as in times of public sickness, the living have not unfrequently been mingled with the dead; and that, in warm climates, where speedy interment is more necessary than in temperate or cold countries, persons have even been entombed alive. "I was an eye-witness," says Dr Smith, "of an instance in a celebrated city on the Continent, where a poor woman, yet alive, was solemnly ushered to the margin of the grave in broad day, whose interment would have deliberately taken place, had it not been for the interposition of the bystanders."

Since such cases of premature interment have incontestably occurred, and the ordinary signs of death above enumerated are not to be relied on as infallible, it is reasonable, nay, a matter of universal interest to inquire, What are the signs of real death which may be depended on? There are only three that can be pronounced safe. First, incipient putrefaction; the best evidence of which is not greenness or blackness of the abdomen, which may occur hours before death, but the peeling off of the cuticle, and the exhalation of an acid odour from the body. Second, relaxation of the joints and muscles *after* rigidity. Relaxation and rigidity occurring separately, are no signs; but the occurrence of the one after the other is an unequivocal sign of death. This test is applicable earlier than the former; as the circumstance now alluded to takes place before the commencement of putrefaction. Galvanism is the third, and a most unequivocal test, which may be applied earlier than the former. Louis, who wrote a very interesting work on the certainty of the signs of death, dwells much on the state of the eyes. He says, that, in the dying, the transparent cornea is commonly covered with a thin slimy membrane, which may be removed by wiping it away; but, a few hours after death, the eyes become moist, soft, and dabbly, an effect not produced under any other circumstances. We may add, however, that the eye often undergoes no such alteration until the putrefactive process has been long established.

Although death have actually taken place, blows and other injuries inflicted on the body give rise to appearances very similar to those which would have occurred had they been inflicted during life. On the trial of the atrocious murderer Burke, in Edinburgh, it became a matter of investigation how far the appearance of contusions on the different bodies may have been produced by violence after death. The able and accomplished professor who then filled the chair of medical jurisprudence in this city, investigated the subject carefully, and from the result of his experiments we are informed, that, "for some hours after death, blows will cause appearances which in point of colour do not differ from the effect of blows

recently inflicted before death;—this discolouration arises from the escape of the fluid part of the blood on the outer surface of the true skin;—but such blows after death are never attended with swelling. The appearances therefore only imitate the slighter contusions which may be inflicted during life; and how long such may be imitated by violence applied to the dead body, it is not easy to determine. Sometimes the appearance of contusions (says Professor Christison) can hardly be produced two hours after death; sometimes they may be slightly caused three hours and a quarter after it; but I am inclined to think this period very nearly the extreme limit." How long the body may retain its warmth after death, depends very much on the cause by which death has been induced. In criminals executed generally in the prime of life and health, it may retain its heat from sixteen to twenty-four hours. In the majority of diseases, however, in consequence of the failure of the circulation, the limbs become cold long before death absolutely takes place.

It is worthy of remark, that after death has been ostensibly induced, there are certain *sub-vital* actions which still go in the human body. Thus, after sudden death, digestion is for a short time continued. So also certain tissues which possess the least vitality during life, grow for a short period after death. This is the case with the hair, beard, and nails. Hence, for a short period after death, the muscles on the application of a stimulus will still contract; and when one stimulus is exhausted, another takes effect, until the excitability of the muscle is altogether lost. When a recently divided muscle ceases to contract on the application of hartshorn, it will contract on the application of the stronger stimulus of electricity; and when electricity fails, the severer stimulus of galvanism will take effect.

THERÈSE.—A TALE.*

THERÈSE, if not as noble as her mistress the Lady Julie, was a thousand times more reserved: she was a thousand times more interesting too. Her forehead was beautiful; Lavater would have etched it for the outline express of dignity, intellectuality, and delicacy. Her graceful and stately figure corresponded with her exquisitely feminine countenance. Sitting, standing, or walking, one would never have inferred her occupation; and every one, especially Count Theodore, wondered how she became the maid of the Lady Julie.

The first time the count saw Therèse, she was assisting the Lady Julie to adjust some ornaments for a head-dress, and he took her for some noble friend of her ladyship's, a mistake which Lady Julie took care to correct. The count was in future a constant attendant at the toilet of her ladyship, who soon remarked that he had conceived an attachment for Therèse; and as he had formerly been her ladyship's admirer, and was besides the handsomest and most accomplished young man in Paris, this was a circumstance which aroused in her the worst of passions. The count had indeed conceived an ardent passion for Therèse. The countess he had never truly loved. She was the reigning beauty in Paris, and he was of course in her train.

The Lady Julie one day invited the count to dinner; but this he declined. She had a party, and the idea of company was insupportable to him. He promised, however, to look in during the course of the evening. Meanwhile he pondered on his attachment to Therèse. He reflected on the degradation of alloying himself with one so humble; but he at the same time remembered that the fairest female in his line had been Therèse l'Estrange, without a single title. "And why," said he, "why should not another Therèse be grafted on the family tree?"

The count kept his appointment. "Twas late when he entered the ball-room. A set of dances had just concluded, and the company were in groups—some walking, some sitting, and some standing. He saw Therèse in the act of listening to some instructions which her lady was giving her. She was attired for the occasion, and seemed another and a fairer Therèse. He was struck by the sudden stillness in the room: he looked round him: the groups of walkers had stopped; such of the company as had been sitting had left their places and approached the middle of the room. Admiration and wonder were painted in every face; every eye was riveted upon Therèse. He felt a movement of jealousy at the influence of her beauty. He instinctively turned towards a party of noblemen which he had encountered upon entering: he saw the Duke de B— in an attitude of rapt contemplation. A sickness came over the count's heart as he marked the earnest gaze of the libertine. He felt a want of freer air. Quitting the room, he descended into the garden, down one of the shaded walks in which he accidentally turned.

He had mused about a quarter of an hour, when his meditations were interrupted by a scuffling at the entrance of the walk. Hearing a convulsive sob, he bounded forward, and rescued the unhappy Therèse from the duke. A few hasty words settled a hostile

meeting to take place on the morrow betwixt the two noblemen; and the count was left alone, supporting Therèse, who was in a state of insensibility. "Let me go!" feebly articulated Therèse, when she had come sufficiently to herself to speak. "Therèse," said the count softly, "tis I. The villain who just now treated you with violence is not here. I happened fortunately to be at hand to render you assistance, and caught you when you fainted. Be satisfied. I shall remove my arm as soon as you are able to dispense with its support." "I am now able," articulated she, with an effort, half raising her head, but immediately dropping it again on her deliverer's shoulder.

"Therèse! Therèse!" cried half a dozen voices together in the garden. She started, and broke from the count—not, however, before he had imprinted a kiss upon her hand—and with a swift though unsteady step, glided out of the walk.

The count and the duke met the next morning; when a flesh wound, which the latter received in the breast, put an end to the affair. The news of the duel soon spread over Paris, and in a day or two the cause of it also transpired. The Countess Julie was enraged, and she took Therèse severely and unjustly to task. Nothing that she said, however, had the power to disturb the serenity with which Therèse listened to her. "Confident girl!" she added, "you despise my warning, and may abide the consequences of your presumption! But you are too high for your station. Your engagement with me expires in a fortnight. Apply to the count; perhaps he may help you to a better one. You are at liberty in a fortnight."

"Would I had discharged her this very day!" cried the count to her attendant, upon returning to her dressing-room; "and I should unquestionably have done so, had I but a fault to accuse her of." The latter part of this exclamation was delivered so emphatically, that the attendant looked inquisitively at the speaker's face. The countess looked inquisitively at her attendant. "Well?" said the lady.

"Would you like to be furnished with one?" inquired the maid.

"Yes," after a look of conjecture, and a pause, rejoined the countess, and abruptly left the room. She rode about Paris till dinner-time. A hundred stops did her chariot make to receive the compliments of beaux, and interchange civilities with belles—her guests of the preceding evening. She was all animation and volubility; she talked about a thousand things, but thought all the while of nothing but Therèse and the count. She was engaged to a party in the evening. Upon going up to make her toilet, she saw the attendant who had officiated for Therèse in the morning standing outside her dressing-room door. A look, admonitory of caution, caused her to check her pace and tread more softly. There was a pause at the door—whisper—a gaze of satisfaction and inquiry—a whisper again, which was answered by a smile—though the brow of the person who gave that smile was any thing but an open one—and the countess, entering her apartment alone, found Therèse up, and in readiness to wait upon her.

The countess's toilet was soon made. Little pains did it cost at any time, under the active and tasteful hands of Therèse, and now less than ever, for the lady sat passive and abstracted, as though she took not the smallest interest in the operation; but her face was flushed, and languor hung upon her features. She desired the bell to be rung; a page entered, and she asked for a glass of water. There were only her snow-shoes to tie on; the attendant entered with them, and proceeded to officiate for Therèse, who was instantly dismissed. The countess cast a glance at her jewel-case which lay open upon the toilet, and then at the kneeling attendant. Her respiration became uneasy: the page re-entered with the glass of water; she drank it off eagerly, and exclaiming "be quick!" precipitately left the room.

Scarcely had the clock struck when the count's foot was on the first step of her ladyship's staircase. With a throbbing heart he knocked at the dressing-room door; it opened; the countess was seated near her toilet; behind her stood the attendant—before her was an open trunk, and near it stood Therèse; while an officer of justice, who was kneeling by the trunk, as though he had been in the act of examining it, held up, to Therèse, a diamond brooch, which he exhibited with an air of low triumph and superciliousness.

"What is the matter?" involuntarily demanded the count, after he had surveyed the group for a moment or two.

"Oh, nothing," replied the countess; "only I have missed a diamond brooch, and the officer has found it in that trunk."

"And to whom does that trunk belong?" inquired the count.

"To me!" said Therèse; while a smile—such as lofty scorn would give, provoked by a cause most foul and mean—played faintly on her lip. That is my trunk," she repeated, "and the brooch was found in it; but the hand that put it there was not mine."

"Insolent!" exclaimed the countess, "your composure is the assurance of guilt, prepared to meet detection, and to out-face it! but you escape for this time:—you are free to leave my service—I shall not prosecute you. Here are your wages, and begone!"

"No!" said Therèse, "I shall neither take your money nor profit by your clemency! I shall go to the place where sooner or later guilt must take up its abode—though it is not always the offender who enters that

* This beautiful and somewhat dramatic tale is abridged from a volume entitled "The Magdalen and other Tales," by James Sheridan Knowles; published by Edward Moxon, New Bond Street, London; and which we cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers. It also appeared in that elegant annual, *The Keepsake*, for 1831.

place! I shall take my trial!—the wise and good judge may find out some means to unravel what, I own, is inexplicable to me! If not, I must bear the stain of the sin which I never committed!—the punishment, whatever it may be, will be little compared to that!"

The count glanced at the Lady Julie—her eye encountered his, and was instantly turned another way. He looked at her attendant—she was alternately folding and unfolding a ribbon, pursuing her occupation with an earnestness to which its importance was wholly disproportionate. He looked at Therese—she appeared more like the accuser than the accused—the judge than the criminal. Calmly, yet sternly, she surveyed the one and the other; and now and then raised her clear eyes to heaven, with an expression of mingled resignation and confidence.

"She is innocent!" exclaimed the count to himself, and with that kind of deep-drawn sigh which, one might imagine, announces the transition from suspended vitality to resuscitation.

Therese heard it; involuntarily she looked at the count; she read in his countenance, which beamed meltingly upon her, the thoughts that were passing in his soul—he believed that she was innocent! Her cheek coloured till the richest vermillion would not have been deep enough to paint its die;—there were two or three slight convulsive movements of her fair throat—and the maid burst into a shower of tears!

"You may go, sir!" said the countess, addressing the officer: "I am sorry for the unhappy girl, and do not wish the law to take its course." "Stop!" exclaimed Therese; "I go along with you!—I am your prisoner!"

"I am forbidden to take you into custody," said the officer, turning, as he was in the act of going out of the door, "and cannot." "What shall I do?" ejaculated Therese.

"Surrender yourself to the mayor," remarked the count. "It shall be done," said Therese, relocking the trunk; and hastily left the room.

Therese surrendered herself to the mayor; the countess and the attendant were summoned and examined; the officer proved the finding of the jewel in Therese's trunk, and she was committed for trial. And now nothing occupied all Paris but the count's passion for Therese, and the crime with which she had been charged. Her rejection of pardon, her voluntary surrender, her extraordinary beauty, and the fortitude with which she bore her imprisonment, were the theme of every tongue. The dignity, too, with which she conducted herself towards the Duke de B— was the subject of encomium and astonishment: he had called to wait upon her, but she peremptorily refused to see him. He had sent the first legal opinion in Paris to her, to undertake her cause; but the moment she learned by whom the advocate had been employed, she firmly declined his services. The count, too, applied in vain to see her, until he prevailed on his sister, the Baroness C—, to accompany him; when he was admitted—and by that lady, now, were the legal advisers employed who were to conduct the defence of Therese.

The day of trial approached. Upon the eve of that day, the baroness and the count paid their customary visit to the prison: as they were going in, they were informed that Therese had been engaged all that morning with a stranger, who had the appearance of having recently arrived in Paris, and was still with her; and they were debating whether they should wait or call again—when a remarkably handsome young man, in military undress, issued from the passage leading to the room in which Therese was confined, and hastily passed them, and went out. The count's heart throbbed. He nevertheless followed the baroness into Therese's apartment, where he found the fair captive in her usual serenity of mind.

Early upon the morning of the trial was the baroness with Therese. She found her attired in black. "Why not dress in white?" inquired the baroness. "I wear," replied Therese, "the dress that I shall wear for ever, unless providence has ordained that I shall take it off to-day." The baroness asked her how she felt. "Prepared," was her answer. Ever since she had entered the prison, she had accustomed herself to regard her conviction as certain. "Because," added she, "the efforts that we make to meet calamity as we ought, although it should not arrive, are never thrown away; whereas, by indulging in anticipations of good fortune, we aggravate the pain of disappointment." The baroness gazed upon the beautiful moralist, and was silent. "I have bade good bye in time," continued Therese, "to hopes, from which, had I permitted myself to cherish them, it might have cost me my life to part." Her eyes were cast down while she uttered this; she sighed deeply, and raising them, encountered the kind but penetrating looks of the baroness.

"You are a wonder!" exclaimed the latter, "and deserve to be the wife of a prince!" The maiden's eyes fell again, and a faint blush rose upon her cheek. "Therese," continued the baroness, "I am as confident of your innocence in this affair as I am of my own. I need not tell you what the count thinks of you. We are resolved that the whole world shall see how much we honour you, whatsoever may be the issue of this trial. This is the richest of our family jewels, and is known to all the nobility of Paris, hundreds of whom will be in the court to-day; it is known to be mine; it has not its fellow in France for the

weight and lustre of the diamonds. You shall wear it. It stamps you as the object of our love and respect; it proclaims our contempt for the aspersion which has been cast upon you. "Take it," she repeated, throwing a necklace of brilliants over Therese's neck, and at the same moment catching the astonished maid, subdued and all dissolved in tears, to her bosom.

They were interrupted by the entrance of the jailor, who informed Therese that the court was waiting for her.

The summons recalled her self-possession. "In a minute," she said; and in a minute her countenance was clear and smiling.

"You are ready, I see," said the baroness. "I am," replied Therese. "Come, then," said the baroness, "I shall accompany you into court."

Never met the baroness such a look as that which was turned upon her by Therese. There was an effort to speak; a smile that acknowledged her inability to do so; a pressure of the fair maid's heart by her hand—a sigh—and nothing more.

The court was crowded. Half the nobility of France was there; many had been attracted from distant parts by the fame of the approaching trial; and thousands, who had been baffled in their attempts to gain admission, surrounded the building without.

The indictment having been read, the counsel for the prosecution opened the pleadings. He was a middle-aged man, more indebted to family influence than to talent for the office which he held—that of advocate for the crown. He stated the particulars of the case; the missing of the jewel by the countess; her suspicions of Therese; the searching of Therese's trunk, and the finding of the jewel secreted in it. He then descended upon the lady's clemency; and, passing on to Therese's rejection of forgiveness, exerted all his sophistry to invalidate the merit of that act. "Remember," said the advocate, "remember who was present—a nobleman who had declared an honourable passion for the prisoner—had made her the proffer of his hand!—to ally herself to whose house might have been an object of ambition to the daughter of the most illustrious family in France. What bounds would you set to desperation in a predicament like that, where aggrandisement beyond the wildest dreams of aspiring fancy was to be exchanged for the contempt and desertion attendant upon a blasted character? What chance of retrieval, howsoever desperate, would not be caught at, where death itself was to be preferred to the frustration of hope? Look at the collected girl that stands before you, upon whose youthful nerves that solemn seat of justice—this array of learning and searching deliberation—this crowded concourse, produce not the slightest impression! What might you not expect from the intrepidity—I will not say effrontery—I will not say boldness—" At the commencement of this appeal to the department of Therese, the advocate looked full upon the fair prisoner, at whom he had only glanced before. As he perused the ingenuous face, where blandness and beauty sat equally enthroned—as he read in it, traced by the hand of Heaven itself, a refutation, in eloquence surpassing the advocacy of a thousand tongues, his confidence wavered, his collectedness began to forsake him, and he was obliged to turn another way; but a new source of discomfiture awaited him—he saw by the looks of the court that his embarrassment was perceived—scarcé a countenance but betrayed the smile that triumphed at its detection. He felt confounded—he faltered—he stopped! "I feel it unnecessary," said he at length, "to dilate upon this point; I shall trouble the court no further, but proceed to call my witnesses;" and he sat down.

The countess was summoned. Her examination was brief. That of the officer, who followed her, occupied about the same time. The attendant was the next witness, and underwent a strict cross-examination.

"Do you entertain any ill-will towards the prisoner?" asked the counsel of Therese. "None." "Have you ever quarrelled with her?" "No." "Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her trunk?" "She did not like to think ill of any one." "That is not an answer to my question—Do you believe that she put it there?" "How else could it have come there?" "Answer me, Yes or No," said the advocate. "Do you believe that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk? Yes or No?" "Yes!" at last faltered out the attendant. "Now, my girl," continued the advocate, "pay heed to what you say—remember you are upon your oath! Will you swear that you did not put it there yourself?" There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed, "Well?" said the advocate. Another pause; while in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts were throbbing, not an individual stirred or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up.

"Well," said the advocate a second time, "will you answer me? Will you swear that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk?" "I will," at last said the attendant boldly. "You swear it?" "I do." "And why did you not answer me at once?" "I do not like that such questions should be put to me," replied the attendant.

For a minute or two the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half-suppressed sigh was heard, and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an

eye, which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the baroness looked as if she was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, round whose waist she now had passed her arm.

"You have done with the witness?" said the advocate for the prosecution.

"No," replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, "Have you any keys of your own?" said he. "I have." "I know you have," said the advocate. "Are they about you?" "Yes." "Is not one of them broken?" "Yes." After a pause, "Show them me!" The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them. "Let the trunk be brought into court," said the advocate.

"Now, my girl," resumed the advocate, "attend to the questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well before you reply, because I have those to produce who will answer them truly should you fail to do so.

"You know that trunk?" "Yes." "Whose is it?" "It belongs to the prisoner." "And these are your keys?" "Yes." "Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it?" "No." "Nor the day before that again?" "No." "Now mind what you are saying: you swear that for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched, those keys were never once out of your own possession?" "I do." "Will not one of these keys open that trunk?" The witness was silent. "Never mind!—we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it!" resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

"There may be fifty keys in the court that would do the same thing," interposed the public prosecutor. "True," rejoined his brother; "but this is not one of them," added he, holding up the other key, "for she tried this key first, and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt." "How will you prove that?" inquired the prosecutor. "By producing the separate part." "Where did you find it?" "In the lock!" emphatically exclaimed the advocate. A groan was heard—the witness had fainted. She was instantly removed.

A smith was the next witness. He proved that he had been employed to take off the lock, in order to ascertain if any attempt had been made to force it, and that, upon removing it, he found a piece of a broken ward in it. The piece was produced, and found exactly to match the key. The prosecutor gave up his cause; and the waving of handkerchiefs and the clapping of hands announced the complete vindication of the innocent Therese, who, half overcome, stood folded in the arms of the baroness.

Anxiously had Count Theodore watched the proceedings of the day, though other matters had also a share in his thoughts. Immediately upon entering the court, he looked round for the stranger—he was not there; and the count breathed more freely. When Therese and his sister appeared, he was the first individual upon whom the eye of the former rested; she remarked his wan and haggard looks, and there was an anxiety and a tenderness in her gaze, which were balm to his wounded spirit; and he smiled his thanks to her. Nothing could exceed his agitation as the cross-examination of the attendant proceeded, except the tumult of his feelings at the complete exposure of her perjury, by the discovery of the infamous means which she had resorted to, to effect the destruction of Therese. He made his way out of court, regardlessly putting aside every individual that impeded it; he flew to the prison—a step or two brought him to the door of Therese's apartment; without knock, or warning of any kind, he entered—he started back;—she was locked in the arms of the stranger! The shock was too much—the room swam before him, and vanished.

He recovered with the sensations of one who awakes from some horrible dream: the first objects that he saw were the stranger and the baroness standing by him. He looked around for Therese—she was not there! At length he became conscious that he was leaning upon the breast of some person, whose arm encircled his neck: he suddenly turned and looked up; he met the eyes of Therese, fixed strainingly upon him, with an expression that shot life into his soul.

"Is it true?" he exclaimed, withdrawing himself from her, and at the same time extending his arms: she threw herself into them, and thrillingly they closed around her!

The stranger was the brother of Therese. He was in the service, and his merit had raised him to the rank of captain. By some unaccountable means, for upwards of five years they had lost sight of one another. A relation, under whose protection he had left her, had recently died, and left her utterly unprovided for, when she sought and obtained a service with the countess. The report of the accusation which had been brought against her, and of the count's passion for her, having spread far and wide, at last reached the ears of her brother: he hastened up to Paris, and found every thing confirmed; but, at her earnest entreaty, kept their relationship concealed till the trial should be over.

"Then she is mine!" in a transport of exultation exclaimed the count. "She is, my lord!" replied

the brother : " nor is this the first honour of the kind that your family has conferred upon ours."

" How so ? " inquired the count. " One of your ancestors espoused an ancestor of my sister's and mine." " The name ? " eagerly asked the count. " Therese l'Estrange, " was the reply.

The count's banqueting-room was one blaze of light, and around its sumptuous board were seated the count's illustrious relatives and the choices of his intimates and friends. They were at supper—the viands were removed, and the nearest of his kinsmen rising, demanded a chalice of gold ! 'Twas brought; he filled it to the brim, and, bowing to the lady and the count, he drank " To the bridegroom and bride ! " It was the day after the trial; and upon the morning of that day a second and a fairer Therese had been grafted on the family tree.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," &c. *

This distinguished poet was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of September 1777. He is the youngest son of Mr Alexander Campbell, late merchant of Glasgow, a gentleman of the most unblemished integrity and amiable manners, who united the scholar and the man of business, and, amidst the corroding cares and sordid habits of trade, cherished a liberal and enthusiastic love of literature. He died at a very advanced age, in the spring of 1801, and the event is mentioned in the Edinburgh Magazine, with high encomiums on his moral and religious character.

The genius of Mr Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven, he possessed a vivacity of imagination, and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth; a strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him, and indeed it was not more than two years after this, that we are told " he began to try his wings." These bright dawns of intellect, united to uncommon personal beauty, a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, and a generous sensibility of heart, made him an object of universal favour and admiration.

There is scarcely any obstacle more fatal to the full development and useful application of talent, than an early display of genius. The extravagant caresses lavished upon it by the light and injudicious, are too apt to beget a self-confidence in the possessor, and render him impatient of the painful discipline of study; without which, genius at best is irregular, ungovernable, and oftentimes splendidly erroneous.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where this error is less frequent than in Scotland. The Scotch are a philosophical, close-thinking people; wary and distrustful of external appearances and first impressions, stern examiners into the utility of things, and cautious in dealing out the dole of applause. Their admiration follows tardily in the rear of their judgment; and even when they admire, they do it with peculiar rigidity of muscle: this spirit of rigorous rationality is peculiarly evident in the management of youthful genius, which, instead of meeting with enervating indulgence, is treated with a Spartan severity of education, tasked to the utmost extent of its powers, and made to undergo a long and laborious probation, before it is permitted to emerge into notoriety. The consequence is, an uncommon degree of skill and vigour in their writers. They are rendered diligent by constant habits of study, powerful by science, graceful by the elegant accomplishments of the scholar, and prompt and adroit in the management of their talents, by the frequent contests and exercises of their schools.

From the foregoing observations may be gathered the kind of system adopted with respect to young Campbell. His early display of genius, instead of making him the transient wonder of the drawing-room, consigned him to the rigid discipline of the academy. At the age of seven, he commenced the study of the Latin language under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation in Scotland. At twelve, he entered the university of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable, from being gained, after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the university. His second prize-exercise was the translation of a tragedy of Aeschylus, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the university, during which time his talents and application were testified by yearly academical prizes; he was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the university.

Moral philosophy was likewise a favourite study with Mr Campbell, and indeed he applied himself to gain an intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences; but though, in the prosecution of his

studies, he attended the academical courses both of law and physic, it was merely as objects of curiosity, and branches of general knowledge, for he never devoted himself to any particular study with a view to prepare himself for a profession. On the contrary, his literary passion was already so strong that he could never for a moment endure the idea of confining himself to the dull round of business, or engaging in the absorbing pursuits of common life.

In this he was most probably confirmed by the indulgence of a fond father, whose ardent love of literature made him regard the promising talents of his son with pride and sanguine anticipation. At one time, it is true, a part of his family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the church, but this was completely overruled by the rest, and he was left, without further opposition, to the impulse of his own genius, and the seduction of the muse.

After leaving the university, he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier of Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is probable that from this gentleman he first imbibed his taste and knowledge of the military art, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the university gained him a favourable reception into the distinguished circle of science and literature, for which that city is renowned. Among others he was particularly honoured by the notice of Professors Stewart and Playfair. Nothing could be more advantageous for a youthful poet, than to commence his career under such auspices. To the expansion of mind and elevation of thought produced by the society of such celebrated men, may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophic spirit and moral sublimity displayed in his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was written during his residence at Edinburgh. He was not more than twenty when he wrote this justly celebrated poem, and it was published in the following year.

The popularity of this work at once introduced the author to the notice and patronage of the first people of Great Britain. At first, indeed, it promised but little pecuniary advantage, as he unfortunately disposed of the copyright for an inconsiderable sum. This, however, was in some measure remedied by the liberality of his publisher, who, finding that his book ran through two editions in the course of a few months, permitted him to publish a splendid edition for himself, by which means he was enabled to participate in the golden harvest of his labours.

About this time the passion for German literature raged in all its violence in Great Britain, and the universal enthusiasm with which it was admired, awakened in the inquiring mind of our author a desire of studying it at the fountain head. This, added to his curiosity to visit foreign parts, induced him to embark for Germany in the year 1800. He had originally fixed upon the college of Jena for his first place of residence, but, on arriving at Hamburg, he found by the public prints that victory had been gained by the French near Ulm, and that Munich and the heart of Bavaria were the theatre of an interesting war. "One moment's sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in, what you will call, the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the monks of St Jacob to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped before us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several waggoners, that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring waggon, were killed in our sight." This awful spectacle he has described, with all the poet's fire, in his "Battle of Hohenlinden;" a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity than is to be found any where else, in the same compass of English poetry.

Mr Campbell afterwards proceeded to Ratibon, where he was at the time it was taken possession of by the French, and expected as an Englishman to be made prisoner; but he observes, "Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed many agreeable acquaintances at the messes of their brigade stationed in town, to which their *chef de brigade* often invited me. This worthy man, Colonel Le Fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

After this he visited different parts of Germany, in the course of which he paid one of the casual taxes on travelling; being plundered, among the Tyrolean mountains, by a Croat, of his clothes, his books, and thirty ducats in gold. About mid-winter he returned to Hamburg, where he remained four months, in the expectation of accompanying a young gentleman of Edinburgh in a tour to Constantinople. His unceasing thirst for knowledge, and his habits of in-

dustrious application, prevented these months from passing heavily or unprofitably. His time was chiefly employed in reading German, and making himself acquainted with the principles of Kant's Philosophy, from which, however, he seems soon to have turned with distaste, to the richer and more interesting field of German *belles lettres*.

While in Germany, an edition of his *Pleasures of Hope* was proposed for publication in Vienna, but was forbidden by the court, in consequence of those passages which relate to Kosciusko and the partition of Poland. Being disappointed in his projected visit to Constantinople, he returned to England in 1801, after nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images.

On returning to England, he visited London, for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attention of the best society. His recent visit to the Continent, however, had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy, and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities: he removed to Sydenham in Kent, near London, where he resided for several years, devoting himself to literature and the calm pleasures of domestic life.

Mr Campbell, about the time of his marriage, wrote a "History of Great Britain during the Reign of George III.," which was published in three volumes, 8vo, without his name. For several years thereafter, the only productions of his pen were those admirable heroic lyrics, "The Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Lochiel's Warning," which, though he had never written any thing else, would have been so much more than sufficient to stamp him a genuine poet. At length, in 1809, he published a narrative poem of considerable extent, and in the Spenserian stanza, entitled "Gertrude of Wyoming," to which were added several of his smaller pieces. In "Gertrude" he describes the pastoral simplicity and innocence of a patriarchal American hamlet at the time of the war of independence, when it was suddenly attacked and devastated by a band of Indians in British pay. The poem was well received, but not so well as the *Pleasures of Hope*, which it might match, if not surpass, in delicacy, tenderness, and many other important attributes, while it did not come upon the mind of the reader with nearly so much of the force of originality as that early effort of his genius. "Among the lesser evils," Mr Irving remarks, "incident to the infant state of our country, we have to lament its almost total deficiency in those local associations produced by history and moral fiction. These may appear trivial to the common mass of readers; but the mind of taste and sensibility will at once acknowledge them, as constituting a great source of national pride and love of country. There is an inexpressible charm imparted to every place that has been celebrated by the historian, or immortalised by the poet; a charm that dignifies it in the eyes of the stranger, and endears it to the heart of the native. Of this romantic attraction we are almost entirely destitute. While every insignificant hill and turbid stream in classic Europe has been hallowed by the visitations of the muse, and contemplated with fond enthusiasm, our lofty mountains and stupendous cataracts awaken no poetical associations, and our majestic rivers roll their waters unheeded, because unsung. Thus circumstanced, the sweet strains of Mr Campbell's muse break upon us as gladly as would the pastoral pipe of the shepherd amid the savage solitude of one of our trackless wildernesses. We are delighted to witness the air of captivating romance and rural beauty our native fields and wild woods can assume under the plastic pencil of a master; and while wandering with the poet among the shady groves of Wyoming, or along the banks of the Susquehanna, almost fancy ourselves transported to the side of some classic stream, in the hollow breast of Appenine." This may assist to convince many, who were before slow to believe, that our own country is capable of inspiring the highest poetic feelings, and furnishing abundance of poetic imagery, though destitute of the hackneyed materials of poetry; though its groves are not vocal with the song of the nightingale; though no naiads have ever sported in its streams, nor satyrs and dryads gambolled among its forests. Wherever nature—sweet nature—displays herself in simple beauty and wild magnificence, and wherever the human mind appears in new and striking situations, neither the poet nor the philosopher can ever want subjects worthy of his genius."

In an age remarkable for the voluminousness of all other favourite writers, the muse of Campbell has been noted for the small extent and number of her productions. Having been relieved by a pension of £200, granted by the king in 1806, from the necessity of writing for bread, the poet seems to have resolved that nothing else of his should appear before the world, of

* The greater part of this article is derived from a memoir written some years ago by Mr Washington Irving, and prefixed to an American edition of Mr Campbell's works.

It has since been acknowledged that the part assigned in the poem to the leader named Brandt was founded upon erroneous information.

which he was not certain that it was worthy to rank with his former works. With the exception, therefore, of a very few small pieces, he published no other poem till 1824, when appeared "Theodric," a brief tale of modern life, which could not be said to manifest any improvement upon his earlier productions. Previously to this period, viz. in 1819, he published "Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices," 7 volumes 8vo; and in the beginning of the year 1821, he undertook the duty of editing a new series of the New Monthly Magazine for Mr Colburn, to which, however, he contributed little besides a few small poems, and a series of lectures on Greek dramatic literature. His connection with this magazine ceased in 1831, when he was engaged for a brief period as editor of a similar miscellany called the *Metropolitan*, which continues to be conducted with great spirit and talent, under different auspices. In the year 1827, Mr Campbell had the honour to be elected rector of his native university, the students of which he addressed in a series of articles published in the *New Monthly Magazine*. And it must not be forgotten, that, about the same time, he contributed in no small degree to the establishment of the London University, an institution of which the full utility will only be experienced, in all probability, in a future age.

Of those private and characteristic anecdotes which display most strikingly the habits and peculiarities of a writer, we have scarcely any to furnish respecting Mr Campbell. He is generally represented as being extremely studious, but at the same time social in his disposition, gentle and endearing in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his appearance and address. With a delicate and even nervous sensibility, and a degree of self-diffidence that at times is almost painful, he shrinks from the glare of notoriety which his own works have shed around him, and seems ever deprecating criticism, rather than enjoying praise. Though his society is courted by the most polished and enlightened, among whom he is calculated to shine, yet his chief delight is in domestic life, in the practice of those gentle virtues and bland affections, which he has so touchingly and eloquently illustrated in various passages of his poems.

THE PARTICULAR MAN.

I AM what my friends and acquaintances call a "particular man," and my own family an "exceedingly particular man;" expressions which, I have every reason to believe, mean, in the one case, that I am a troublesome, and in the other a *very* troublesome, man. Now, I think, and so must every reasonable person, I should imagine, who shall be informed of the true state of the case, that there never was a charge so unfounded, nor abuse so unmerited.

In place of my being troublesome to others, the truth is, that others are exceedingly troublesome to me, as I hope presently to show to the entire satisfaction of every unprejudiced person who chooses to read this article. The annoyances which I am made to suffer proceed, on the part of my annoyers, from a want of that little attention to minutiae, and a disregard of that order and regularity in small matters, the observance of which affords the only small chance we have of enjoying the least portion of happiness in this provoking world. The real truth, then, in my case is, that I am merely a regular man—a lover of the method, of order, of propriety—one who likes to see every thing in its own place, and every thing done at the proper time, and in the proper way: and it is for this, forsooth, that I am considered a troublesome man; for I insist upon it, that that is the true meaning of the word "particular," as it is applied to me by my family and my friends.

It is singular that, although all I say or do, in my own house for instance, with regard to ordering and arranging little domestic matters, is meant, and admirably calculated too, for the ease and comfort of those around me, as well as for my own, I can never prevail on any one member of my family to think so. No effort of mine can induce them to consult their own happiness by attending to that order and regularity at which I have hinted above. Nay, they seem to take a wicked pleasure in thwarting me, as well in the most trifling matters as in those of greater importance. No man has ever fought a more intrepid or a more pertinacious fight than I have done for the good of others; yet what a thankless task has been mine! For twenty years—this time has elapsed since I first took up house—have I struggled against a desperate spirit of opposition, but, I must confess, to very little purpose. At this day I am as far, to all appearance, from the attainment of my object, order and method, as when I first began to introduce, or rather to attempt to introduce, my system. Indeed, there seems to be a conspiracy in my own house against me, a deep laid and widely ramified plot, extending through every member of my family, from

the little errand girl up to my own wife, including, of course, sons and daughters, cook, chamber and children's maid. The reader may conceive what a battle this is to fight—one to a dozen, and all active and indefatigable in their several departments in the one great object of annoying and provoking me by the most marked neglect of, and most profound contempt for, those little ordinances, rules, and observances, which I would impose, and without which no family can possibly enjoy any thing like comfort. In short, I am kept in a constant fever by the incessant violation, by some individual or other of my household, of some part or other of the domestic code which I have introduced, or rather would introduce if I could, into my family for its better and happier government.

A few instances, however, of these rules, and of their infractions, will give a better idea of the rebellious spirit with which I have to contend, and of the ingratititude with which my endeavours to secure the peace and happiness of those around me are treated, than mere general declamation can possibly convey.

It is one of my standing orders, and one the observance of which has been carefully and repeatedly enjoined by me on every member of my family, conjunctly and severally, always to place the tongs on the right hand side of the grate; that is, the right, relative to a person standing opposite it. The advantage and convenience of this simple disposition of that useful implement is so obvious, that I need not trouble myself, I conceive, to point them out. It is the natural position. You seize them at once, and without any trouble. They are then placed exactly to your hand. Now, could there be any thing more easy than the observance of this simple rule? Nothing. Then, what can be the reason that I almost invariably find them on the left? The reason is plain. It is to annoy me. There cannot possibly be any other motive on the part of those who put them there; for it would be quite as easy to place them on the right hand side of the grate as on the left. This fact is incontrovertible. Here, then, is a glaring instance of that spirit of opposition, that defiance of all method and order, of which I have, and so justly I think, to complain.

On this point, because it is one of such easy observance, as I said before, and at the same time one of such manifest convenience, I am particularly rigid, and have dismissed three servants successively for the contempt of my authority which they evinced by neglecting to attend to it, although apprised of the consequences of such neglect at the time they were engaged. I must, however, state, in justice to a very deserving girl, that the maid we have just now is much more attentive to my orders, in the particular just mentioned, than any of her predecessors, and has placed the tongs on the left side of the grate in three instances only, during the whole of the last fortnight. I can speak positively to this, for I keep a memorandum of every dereliction of duty, and find this moment, by reference to my note-book, that the instances of neglect alluded to occurred on the 3d, the 7th, and the 12th instant. I must also add, that, in one of these cases, viz. the second, I am by no means quite certain that the fault was the girl's. She alleges that it was my son Tom who misplaced the tongs; and from what transpired on the inquiry which I set on foot regarding it, I am inclined to believe her, although certainly, I must say, she had nothing like direct or positive evidence to prove the truth of her assertion. Under these circumstances, I have placed a cross at the entry of the 7th, in order to denote that it is a doubtful case, and to remind me that the girl is entitled to the benefit of that doubt on account of her general good conduct.

Similar to the case of the tongs, is that of slippers, shoes, and boots. These, I presume, every thinking and reasonable person will allow, ought always to be placed before the wearer in the same order in which they are to be worn; that is, the right slipper, shoe, or boot, on the right, and the left ditto on the left. The necessity of attending to this natural disposition of such articles of dress is also so palpable, that I need not dilate upon it.

Nevertheless, will it be believed, that, although I am daily, nay, almost hourly, endeavouring to impress this amongst other things on my servants, I have had my boots placed twice before me in reversed order during the last three weeks, and my slippers four times! Luckily I discovered the errors in all the instances before I put them on, and thus saved myself a world of trouble and suffering. No thanks, however, to my servants in the case of the boots, nor to my wife in the case of the slippers.

There is another thing on which I insist—(indeed, I insist on a great many things, all of them, how-

ever, reasonable, and am, therefore, only stating a few by way of specimen, to show with what justice I have to complain of the captious spirit which opposes me, and to show how very undeservedly the epithet of particular or troublesome has been applied to me)—and it is this: I hold that so soon as a candle is set in the candlestick, it ought invariably to be lighted immediately, and be left to burn for the space of five minutes or so, and be then extinguished, not, however, by the snuffers, but by simply blowing it out. When this is done, the candle will ignite instantly on being re-touched, and in a second after emit its full volume of light. If this is not done, and it is placed before you with all its unshorn honours on its head in the shape of a long superfluous loop of wick (this is when the candles are not moulds), the trouble you are put to is very great; you must coax and cut, and cut and coax again, and support and adjust the flaming top which is now sending forth a blaze of light far beyond its real means, and equally beyond your power to control, until you have succeeded in bringing it within its natural limits—a circumstance which imposes upon you at least five minutes of the most annoying and provoking exertion. If the candle be a moulded candle, you have, indeed, no superfluous wick to combat with; but then you have to go on touching and retouching the miserable atom of flame to entice it to burn, yourself all the while sitting or standing in a most irritating sort of twilight, neither dark nor light.

Again, if the rule to light candles before being brought to table, no matter whether moulds or dips, be observed, and yet they be extinguished by means of the snuffers, or still worse, by finger and thumb, as some lazy and dirty inclined servants will sometimes do, then the rule had almost better not be observed at all; for in such a case the wick is caked, and, when cool, becomes as hard and compact as a piece of iron; and there is then no lighting of it at all, at least not without great trouble, and a great waste of time. Under all these annoyances I suffer severely, notwithstanding my repeated edicts, all enjoining a careful observance of such proceedings as would entirely obviate them, not one of which, however, is ever attended to.

Is this being a trifling or particular man? I should think not. Nay, I am convinced, that, were I to go on, I would remove the absurd and ridiculous imputation farther and farther from me with every step I advanced, and every new position or complaint I brought forward. But although I could, if I chose, very easily fill a newspaper with such well-founded complaints on my part, and gross violations of the simplest and most beneficial observances on the part of others, I do not think it necessary to multiply instances, those I have given being quite enough, I conceive, for effecting the object I had in view in writing this paper—namely, to show how unfairly I am dealt with when I am called a particular man.

There are some small matters, however, regarding my own peculiar likings and dislikings, for which I do not insist upon general sympathy, but which are so inoffensive in their effects, so little troublesome to others, and, withal, so reasonable in themselves, that I think I may as well mention some of them, just to show on what slight grounds a man may be accused of being a "particular" man.

I cannot endure the slightest approximation to hardness in my eggs, still less can I suffer them when they are too soft; yet, I do not know how it is, whether at home or abroad, I am sure to get them either half boiled, merely tepid, or as hard as golf balls, and, of course, in either case I cannot touch them.

I detest under-done meat; yet I never see a roast, either at my own table or at those of any of my friends, that is not as red as a carrot; and so raw, that even an Abyssinian or New Zealander would loathe the very sight of it. I sometimes think that this is done either on purpose to deprive me of my dinner, or from an erroneous impression that I am a cannibal, one who delights in sucking blood and in devouring uncooked animal food; and I may as well take this opportunity of undeceiving my friends, if they have taken this notion into their heads. I declare, then, upon honour, that I am not a cannibal, and that I have no predilection whatever for raw flesh.

I have, in common with many people, a great dislike of fresh butter—dislike which is only equalled by my abhorrence of butter which is too salt. Neither of these can I touch. Powdered butter, eight days in salt—exactly eight days—is the thing for me. It has then a delightful nutty taste, salt just perceptible. I wonder, indeed, how any body can endure butter in any other condition. But, alas, alas, how rarely is it to be had in this palmy state! Who will take the trouble of adjusting it with precision; for three days in or over is ruin to it, to the taste of a person of acute perception. Yet the thing could be very easily done if people were in the least disposed to pay attention to one's comforts. I think, for my part, that I have met with butter in the exact state in which it ought to be, only four times in the course of my life—once at Cheltenham, in the year 1811; again at York, in 1816; again at Tobermory, in the island of Mull, in 1821; and the last time in my own house, on the morning of the 17th of October 1824. Never before nor since have I ever been able to command it even at my own table. They often try, however, to impose upon me at home, by asserting—and this they do, one and all of them, roundly and boldly—that the

butter has been prepared exactly according to my rules, and that it is precisely of the required age; but I am too sharp for them, and never fail to detect the fraud. I charge them with the imposition. They deny it. I get into a passion, and insist upon their acknowledging it, protesting, at the same time (observe, it is my wife and daughters I am taking to task in this case), that not one of them shall have a stitch of new clothes from me unless they give in. This threat has invariably the desired effect: a confession of guilt is made, and I—say no more about it.

I hope it will now be allowed that I used no exaggerated language, and made no vain boast, when I stated that no man had ever fought a more intrepid or a more pertinacious fight than I have done. I am, however, thanks be to my stars! still both able and willing to carry on the war; and I am determined to do it, notwithstanding the formidable odds arrayed against me.

LION HUNTING.

(From Pringle's Narrative of a Residence in South Africa.)

I SHALL now give some account of our wars with the beasts of prey—allowing, of course, due precedence to the lion. The first actual conflict of the Glen-Lynden settlers with this formidable animal occurred in June 1821, while I was absent from home, having gone to meet the acting governor at Somerset. The following were the circumstances, as detailed to me by the parties present:—A horse was missing, belonging to old Hans Blok, one of our Mulatto tenants, which, after some search, was discovered by the footprints to have been killed by a lion. The boldest men of the settlement having assembled to give battle to the spoiler, he was traced to a secluded spot, about a mile or upwards from the place where he had seized his prey. He had carried the horse with him to devour it at his leisure, as is the usual practice of this powerful animal. On the approach of the hunters, the lion, after some little demur, retreated to a thicket in a shallow ravine at no great distance. The huntsmen followed cautiously, and having taken post on an adjoining height, poured volley after volley into the thicket. This bombardment produced no perceptible effect; the lion kept under cover, and refused to give battle; only when the wolf-hounds were sent in to tease him, he drove them forth again with a savage growl, killing two of those that had dared to approach him. At length, Mr George Rennie, the leader of the hunt, and a man of daring hardihood, losing patience at this fruitless proceeding, descended from the height, and, approaching the thicket, threw two large stones into the midst of it. This rash bravado brought forth the lion. He sprang fiercely from his cover, and with another bound would probably have had our friend prostrate under his paw; but most fortunately at this critical moment, the attention of the savage beast was attracted by a favourite dog of Mr Rennie's, which ran boldly up to the lion and barked in his face. The poor dog was destroyed in a moment—a single blow from the lion's paw rewarded his generous devotion with death. But that instant was sufficient to save his master. Mr Rennie had instinctively sprung back a pace or two; his comrades on the rock fired at once with effect; and the lion fell dead upon the spot, with eight balls through his body.

Our next serious encounter with the monarch of the wilderness occurred about the close of April 1822. I was then residing on my farm at Eildon, in the beehive cabin. My nearest neighbour at that time was Captain Cameron, a Scotch officer of the 72d regiment, who had lately come to occupy the farm immediately below me on the river. I had gone down one evening with another gentleman, and two or three female relatives, to drink tea with Captain Cameron's family. The distance being little more than three miles, we considered ourselves next-door neighbours; and as the weather was fine, we agreed to ride home by moonlight—no lions having been seen or traced in the valley for nine or ten months. On our return, we were jesting as we rode along about wild beasts and Caffers. That part of the valley we were passing through is very wild, and encumbered in several places with thickets of evergreens; but we had no suspicion at the moment of what afterwards appeared to be the fact—that a lion was actually dogging us through the bushes the whole way home. Happily for us, however, he did not then show himself, or give us any indication of his presence, being probably somewhat scared by our number, or by the light dresses of the ladies waving in the moonlight.

About midnight, however, I was awakened by an unusual noise in the *kraal*, or cattle-fold, close behind our cabin. Looking out, I saw the whole of the horned cattle springing wildly over the high thorn fence, and scampering round the place. Fancying that a hyena, which I had heard howling when I went to bed, had alarmed the animals by breaking into the *kraal*, I seized my gun, and sallied forth, undressed as I was, to have a shot at it. Though the cloudless full moon shone with a brilliant light (so bright in that fine climate that I have frequently read print by it), I could discover no cause for the terror of the cattle, and after calling a Hottentot to shut them again into the *kraal*, I retired once more to rest. Next morning, Captain Cameron rode up to inform me that his herdsmen had discovered, by the traces in the path, that a large lion had followed us up the valley the preceding night; and upon further search, it was ascertained

that this unwelcome visitant had actually been in my fold the preceding night, and had carried off a sheep. But as he appeared, by the traces, to have retreated with his prey to the mountains, we abandoned for the moment all idea of pursuing him.

The lion was not disposed, however, to have done with us on such easy terms. He returned that very night, and killed my favourite riding-horse, little more than a hundred yards from the door of our cabin. I then considered it full time to take prompt measures in self-defence, and sent a messenger round the location to call out a party to hunt him, being assured by our Hottentots, that, as he had only devoured a small portion of the horse, he would certainly be lurking in the vicinity. The huntsmen speedily assembled, to the number of seventeen horsemen, including Mulattoes and Hottentots, bringing with them a goodly number of strong hounds.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the *spoor*, or track, through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could have discovered neither footprint nor mark of any kind—until, at length, we fairly tracked him into a large *bosch*, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment the animal with dogs till he abandons his covert, and comes forth into the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, either one by one, or in volleys. If he does not speedily fall, but grows furious, and advances upon his assailants, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rearward; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches—as he will sometimes do up to the very horses' heels—crouching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or in some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually till he waxes desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief—especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a fair distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so discreetly. The Mulattoes, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that our hounds made little impression on the lion, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them, Messrs George and John Rennie, and James Ekron, a servant of my father's, announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Mulattoes, who were superior marksmen, would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly, lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging their coloured allies to stand firm, and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The Mulattoes, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them, and with one stroke of his paw dashed John Rennie (my brother-in-law) to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of us were standing within fifty paces, with our guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed

willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and, with a fortunate forbearance, turned calmly away, and driving the hounds like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and, abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a bloody scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground, we renewed the chase with our Hottentot allies, and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream, which we had distinguished by the name of Huntly Burn. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took their station on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor lion thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, and again again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a large full-grown lion, about six years of age, as our coloured friends affirmed. He measured fully eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs, appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed as large and heavy as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled for the purpose of preserving the skull, and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white coarse beef, rather insipid, but without any very disagreeable flavour. The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by our Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott, as a testimony of the author's regard; and these trophies have now the honour to form part of the ornaments of the lamented poet's antique armoury at Abbotsford.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

THE most lasting monuments of the power and policy of Napoleon Bonaparte are the artificial roads across the Alps, which connect Savoy with France and Valais with Italy. The first leads over Mount Cenis, a mountain 5879 feet high, and before it was formed, travellers were obliged to pass over the steepest height on mules, and with very considerable danger and fatigues. The second road, which is one of the most stupendous works of art, leads over the Simplon, a mountain 12,327 feet in height, from Valais in Switzerland to Piedmont in Italy. Valais is a territory composed of the valley of the Rhone, situated in the midst of precipitous mountains, glaciers, rocks, and torrents. The population of this wild country amounted, in 1811, to 63,633. Sion is its capital. Napoleon having formed the project of making a highway into Italy, which should traverse their country from end to end, was naturally desirous of obtaining the consent of the inhabitants. Diplomacy, however, was vain; the people were too simple to understand the logic of the cabinet. It was arranged, therefore, by a decree, that the Valais should cease to be the Valais, and become a portion of France, under the name of the department of the Simplon; and this decree was carried into effect at the point of the sword. The manner in which the first military body penetrated the passes of the mountains, in order to establish the possibility of having a regular thoroughfare by way of the Simplon, is among the most interesting passages of the life of Napoleon. In May 1800, General Béthencourt set out at the head of fourteen hundred men, and eight pieces of cannon, to seek this new route over the Alps, with the view to an attack upon the Austrian forces in Italy. The difficulties encountered were such as would have terrified any army but that of the French republic. "At one place, in the midst of the mountains (we quote from that exceedingly delightful book, Leitch Ritchie's Travelling Sketches, forming the Picturesque Annual for 1832*), they found that the rude bridge over which they expected to pass had been swept away by an avalanche. The chasm was sixty feet broad, with perpendicular sides, and a torrent roaring at the bot-

* We beg particularly to direct the attention of continental tourists to this production, which forms one of the best guides to the sublime and picturesque scenery of the north of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine. It is published by Longman and Company, London.

tom; but General Bethencourt only remarked to the men that they were *ordered* to cross, and that cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clambering to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain

'The angry spirit of the waters shrieked.'

for the veteran—a mountaineer perhaps himself—saw that the foundations of the bridge, which were nothing more than holes in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles which had supported a transverse pole above, were still left, and not *many feet* under the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of a cord to the precipice above, and fling down the rest of the coil to him. With this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly but cautiously into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation-holes of the bridge.

As he sank deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators—converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprung forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were *too deep*—a still more imminent danger—and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer above the surface but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a water-demon amidst the spray, and his teeth seen fiercely clenched through the dripping and disordered mustachio. The wind, in the meantime, increased every moment; and as it swept moaning through the chasm, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a burst and shriek.

The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Bethencourt himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men—knapsacked, armed, and accoutred—swung themselves, one by one, across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an Alpine torrent their only footing.

The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a heroism less fortunate, but not less admirable, next tried the passage. They had waited till the last man had crossed—for a soldier's dog belongs to the regiment—and then, with a quick, moaning cry, sprung simultaneously into the gulf. Two only reached the opposite cliffs—the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes struggling among the surge; they receded imperceptibly, and then sank at once in an eddy, that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers—at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before nightfall—had little time to grieve for their faithful friends. With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock to serve as a support, they recommenced their perilous ascent; but even after a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads, as some sound from the dark river below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulf.

The terror of the Austrian posts may be conceived, when they saw a thousand men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which Nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts! The expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose; and indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening of a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous several days before that of General Moncey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard. The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after; and the construction of the military road of the Simplon was decreed.

The road of the Simplon was constructed between 1801 and 1806, and is the only one from Switzerland over the Alps passable by wheel carriages. It is about thirty-six miles long, and twenty-five feet wide throughout. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes. It winds up romantic deep passes, crosses ravines, cataracts, and water-courses; and when it can neither cross over nor wind round a precipice, it penetrates the rocky barriers, and is thus carried through the solid mountains. Some of these passages, or galleries, as they are called, are several hundred paces in length, and are lighted by openings. From them you step into lovely valleys, adorned with cottages, and see above them dark forests of pine, glaciers, and peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky. There are six of these galleries, and eight principal bridges, with some hundreds of a smaller size. There are also huge embankments of walls and earth, filling up hollows and forming terraces along the face of the ascents. The number of workmen occupied in forming the road, in all its parts, day and night, for four years, was from four to six thousand;

and it is mentioned that they blasted one hundred and ninety-nine thousand eight hundred cubic metres of rock. A metre is about 40 cubic inches. The expense of the whole route was, in sterling money, no more than about £.680,000, which was defrayed in nearly equal portions by the French and Italian governments. It is by this famous route that most of the tourists from France and Switzerland now proceed into Italy, and is spoken of in glowing terms by various writers of travels. The approach into Italy, on the emerging of the road from the mountain passes and galleries, is thus rapturously described by the foregoing authority:—

"The valley widened slowly; the trees grew richer and more numerous as we descended; fields—houses—vineyards—cattle—men and women—all came gradually in sight. Still we were not in Italy—the Italy of our imagination. We were yet on the Alps. The *wildness*, indeed, was a little *tamer*; but it was not tameness our eyes and our hearts longed for, but softness, and beauty, and richness, and voluptuous luxuriance.

A struggle seems to take place between the genius of the mountain and that of the vale. Here we meet fertility—there barrenness; here are cultivated fields—there naked rocks; here gently swelling hills—there a narrow and rude defile. Are we on the Alps?—are we in Italy? The question appears to be decided against the hopes that had unconsciously arisen within us, and we are thrown back in imagination many a weary league. The mountain-rock heaves itself, according to custom, over the road, and plunges into the torrent below. We enter, with something between a shudder and a sigh, the Gallery of Crevola; midway, we stretch our neck out of the carriage, and look wistfully through a rude window, which is bored in the side next the river; soon we emerge again, after having traversed about a hundred and eighty feet of subterranean passage, and shut our eyes upon the glare of daylight.

By and bye, we re-open them, as we hear by the sound of the waters that we are crossing a bridge. A new world bursts at one flash upon our sight. It is Italy—it is the Italy of our imagination! A vast plain lies before us, covered with the richest vegetation. Two rivers glide through it. Groves—orchards—vineyards—corn-fields—farm-houses—villages, are thickly intermingled; and everywhere around, villas, of a dazzling whiteness, gleam like pearls in the rich green groundwork of the picture. We are in Italy. The roads are strewed with fragments of marble, and the walls adorned with portraits of the saints. We are in the land of the sculptor, the painter—and the idolater. The bridge of Crevola has shut in the valley of the Simplon. The Val d'Ossola is before us. A new costume amuses our eyes, and a new language falls like music on our ear. Yes, we are in Italy!"

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

If Christianity had done nothing more for mankind than extirpated certain gross superstitions and immoral usages, it would still have been worthy of all the eulogies it has received. Whatever was the degree of intelligence, or the extent of philosophical inquiry among the most learned men of the ancient world, it is a curious and a certain fact, that neither their intelligence nor their philosophy placed them beyond the commission and the inculcation of superstitious observances, of which even the most uneducated in our own times would be ashamed. In some respects, therefore, the sages of Greece and Rome, with all their high-flown ethics, did not possess the practical common sense of a modern ploughboy. The most abominable of these ancient practices and superstitions were infanticide, and the sacrificing of human beings, neither of which were any way discountenanced by the religions which prevailed prior to the introduction of Christianity.

On this subject we cannot do better than refer the reader to a series of essays, entitled "Reasons for the Hope that is in us," by Mr Robert Ainalie, of Edinburgh, a small work well worthy of the perusal of all, and especially the young. "Infanticide (says this pleasing writer), or the slaughter of young children, to repress too numerous a population, was not only sanctioned by the customs of the ancient world, but was recommended by its sages, and even enacted by its legislators. Thus, Plato and Aristotle both enjoined the practice, and Lycurgus made it part of the law of Sparta. In the Roman world, during the reign of Caligula, it was common; and so general must it have been among the nations connected with it, that Tacitus, in treating of the Germans, mentions it as a remarkable circumstance, that the custom was not found with them.

But the same dreadful expedient to restrain what was considered an inconvenient increase of mankind, has been adopted also, to a great extent, in more modern times, where Christianity has not prevailed.

Thus, the Hottentots bury their children alive. Mr Locke tells us that the Charibs salted and ate theirs. Even at this day there are immense numbers of infants exposed every year to death on the streets of Pekin. In a recent account of part of India by Mrs Colonel Elwood, that lady mentions, that, at Cutch, in Bombay, female infanticide prevails to such an extent, that sometimes a thousand little female innocents have suffered in one year; the shocking act being generally performed by suffocating them in milk.

Such systematic murder of helpless children gave way gradually before the increasing light of the gospel. Thus, Constantine directed the officers of his revenue to receive, and rear and educate, at his expense, the children of such parents as were themselves unable to provide for them; and he doomed to severe punishment those who were able to support their offspring, but neglected them. The inhuman practice was afterwards extirpated in the nations of the empire, under the Christian Emperors Valentinian, Valens, and Gratian.

Human sacrifices were extremely prevalent in the ancient world. Thus, among the Gauls, those who were afflicted with severe diseases, or about to enter battle, and engage in hazardous enterprises, sacrificed men as victims, or vowed that they would do so—the Druids acting as priests on the occasion. They thought that the gods could not be appeased but by giving the life of one human being to save that of another. The two gallant Decii, father and son, Roman generals of consular rank, in different ages, devoted themselves as sacrifices to the Dii Manes in the field of battle, suffering death, and conceiving that they thereby expiated and averted the public danger. Metius Curtius devoted himself for his country to appease the gods, by plunging on horseback into a chasm of the earth, which an earthquake had made in the forum. During the virtuous days of the Emperor Caligula, he having fallen sick, immense crowds of the people continued all night about his palace, some of them engaging by vows to expose themselves in combat, as gladiators, for his recovery, and others, to lay down their lives for his, which they signified by bills publicly posted up. Lucian, in his Dialogue of the Dead, entitled 'The Tyrant,' supposes that monarch, after his death, to say, that while he was on earth, 'nothing, during his sickness, was to be heard but vows and wishes for his health and prosperity, every man desiring to die, and leave him living.' When paganism prevailed in Sweden, during a famine, the people at first sacrificed oxen, next some of themselves, and latterly the *sovereign himself*. The Chinese historians record the oblation of their ancient monarch Ching Tang, in pacification of their offended deity, and to avert from their nation the dreadful calamities with which it was then visited.

Of old, it was a rule with every Grecian state, before their armies marched against an enemy, to immolate human victims; and it is well known that the Athenians had a custom of sacrificing a man every year, after loading him with dreadful curses, that the wrath of the gods might fall upon his head, and be turned away from the rest of the citizens. Such sacrifices prevailed also at an early period among the Romans. In the year 657 of the city, a law was enacted during the consulship of Lentulus and Crassus, by which they were prohibited; but they appear, notwithstanding, to have been in existence so late even as the days of Trajan; for upon a special occasion of calamity in that reign, the books of the Sibyls having been consulted to know if a sufficient atonement had been made, the pontiffs ordered two men and two women, Greeks and Gauls, to be buried alive. In the time of Porphyry a man was every year sacrificed at the shrine of Jupiter Latialis.

So much, in general, with regard to the more civilised nations of antiquity. It is certain also that the same custom took place among the Carthaginians, the Scythians, the Ethiopians, the Geæ, the Leucadians, the Goths, the natives of Canaan, before the Israelites arrived there, the Arabians, the Cretans, the Cyprians, the Rhodians, the Phœceans, and those of Chios, Lesbos, and Tenedos. The Druidical religion, also, which overspread a great part of ancient Europe, abounded with such sacrifices. Thus it was the custom of the Gallic Druids to set up an immense gigantic figure of a wicker man, in the texture of which they entwined a hundred poor victims, and then to burn the whole as an offering to their gods. The use of human sacrifices prevailed also among our ancestors, the Britons; and the Druids of *Mona*, now called Anglesey, were not less cruel in their religious ceremonies than their brethren of Gaul.

The same practice has existed among the uncivilised of many modern nations. Thus, it has been found in Africa, where, in the inland parts of it, the people sacrifice their prisoners of war. It took place till lately in Otaheite. It was also common in the Sandwich Islands, and in the island of Tongatapu, where Captain Cook mentions ten men as offered at one festival. The annual sacrifices of the Mexicans required some thousands of human victims; and in Peru two hundred children were devoted to the health of the Inca, and sacrificed. So general has this practice been in the world, that it is asserted by Mons. de Paanw, that there is no nation mentioned in history, which has not at one time or another made the blood of its people to stream forth in pious ceremonies, with the view of appeasing its deities."

ANECDOTES OF SPANISH ART.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, the celebrated dramatist, wrote a work in two small volumes, now very little known, entitled "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain." He relates a remarkable story of the famous Florentine sculptor Torrigiano, who was contemporary with Michael Angelo, and died in 1522. "Torrigiano had undertaken to carve a Madona and child of the natural size, at the order of a certain Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model of one which he had already executed; and promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of his work. His employer was one of the first grandees of Spain, and Torrigiano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his own talents could perform, was determined to outdo his former work: he had passed great part of his life in travelling from kingdom to kingdom in search of employment, and, flattering himself with the hope that he had now at last found a resting-place after all his labours, the ingenious artist with much pains and application completed the work, and presented to his employer a piece of sculpture, the utmost effort of his skill. The grandee surveyed the striking performance with delight and reverence; applauded Torrigiano to the skies; and, impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand it; at the same time, to set off his generosity with a better display, he loaded two lacqueys with the money that was to defray the purchase; the bulk at least was promising, but when Torrigiano turned out the bags, and found the specie nothing better than a parcel of brass maravedi, amounting only to the paltry sum of thirty ducats, vexation at this sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so transported him, that, snatching up his mallet in a rage, and not regarding the perfection, or (what to him was of more fatal consequence) the sacred character of the image he had made, he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lacqueys with their load of farthings to tell the tale. They executed their errand too well. The grandee in his turn fired with shame, vexation, and revenge, and assuming, or perhaps conceiving, horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the court of Inquisition, and impeached the unhappy artist at that terrible tribunal, of having wantonly destroyed an image of the Virgin; it was in vain that poor Torrigiano urged the right of an author over his own creation; reason pleaded on his side, but superstition sat in judgment; the decree was death with torture. The holy office lost its victim; for Torrigiano expired under the horrors, not under the hands of the executioner."

Juanes, a native of Spain, flourished at a later period, and was distinguished for the devout expression which his pious turn of mind enabled him to give to scriptural figures. Some curious anecdotes are related by Pacheco respecting the devotional enthusiasm with which Juanes applied himself to his work, and present some explanation of the extraordinary success which the Catholic painters attained in the production of religious pictures. A devotion to the spirit of beauty was not sufficient for those men. They were also inspired by the favours of a religion which no one can deny to have, for many centuries, been the means of calling forth all the finer powers of genius. There is something grotesque in the following passage of Mr Cumberland's work, the materials of which are derived from Pacheco; but it nevertheless shows the feeling which prevails respecting these truly admirable works of art, in the countries which are so happy as to possess them. "The picture," says Mr C., "for which Juanes is chiefly celebrated, is his composition on the subject of the immaculate conception in the late college of the Jesuits in Valencia; this picture is the object of general veneration, and by the devout and credulous considered as an actual original, or very little removed from an original; for the tradition runs, that it was painted by the order of Father Martin Alberto, to whom the blessed Virgin condescended to appear on the eve of the assumption, and required the holy father to cause her portrait to be taken in the dress she then wore, which was a white frock, or tunic, with a blue cloak, together with the following accompaniments, viz., at her feet the moon, over head the Padre eterno, and her most blessed son, in the act of placing a crown on her head, with the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, hovering over the group. Alberto, who was all obedience to the sacred visitor, communicated to Juanes the honourable office of fulfilling the commands which he himself was unable to execute; the devout painter set to work with extraordinary preparations for the task, and, having sketched a group after the description of Alberto, presented it to the father for his opinion; the first design being found imperfect and unlike, Juanes was invited to address himself to the undertaking with fresh and more elaborate acts of penitence and contrition; no austerities deterred Juanes; whilst the father assisted him with his prayers, the work succeeded, for every touch was sanctified, and his pencil, like a sword blest and made invincible by the Pope, never missed its stroke. Some intervals there were, in which the work stood still, and then the painter would sit, looking and pondering on his canvas, till the happy inspiration seized him, and the prayers of Father Alberto gave him fortitude and vigour to resume the task. Pacheco relates an anecdote so much to the credit of the parties concerned,

that it would be wrong to omit it; which is, that the pious Juanes, being one day seated on a scaffold at work upon the upper parts of this picture, the frame gave way, and the painter, being in the act of falling, the blessed Virgin, whose portrait he had finished, stepped suddenly forward out of the canvas, and, seizing his hand, preserved him from the fall: this being done, and Juanes safe landed on the floor, the gracious lady with all possible composure returned to her post, and has continued there ever since, dispensing her favours to her supplicants and worshippers, and is universally believed, upon the testimony of Alberto, to be an exact counterpart of the original; and indeed, if we admit the circumstance of the rescue, I do not see how we can dispute the likeness, with I should guess, from the same circumstance, had not erred on the unfavourable side."

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it at rest;
But still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last, poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit, that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep; my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit, that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away."

—Common-place Book of Poetry.

ENGLISH SWORDS.

ONE of the most important pursuits which Mr Gill, the celebrated mechanist, ever engaged in, was his retrieving the reputation of English swords, which in 1783 had fallen into such deserved ill-repute, that an English officer would not trust his life to the hazard of the probable failure of his English sword-blade, upon any consideration whatever; although, only a century preceding, James II. had passed an act expressly prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation of swords from Germany, or any other nation; a clear proof that at that period the English swords were sufficiently good to be relied on. However, in the year 1783, a petition was presented to the lords of the treasury, by the London sword-sellers, praying leave to import sword-blades from Germany duty free. But as a friend to the manufacturers of England, the Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey, one of the lords of the board, wrote a letter to a gentleman of Sheffield, Mr Eyre, to the following purport:—"You will please inform those whom it may concern, that a petition has been this day presented (October 1) to the treasury, praying permission to import swords and sword-blades from Germany, duty free, on account of the inferior quality of the English blades. I should be very happy that any ingenious manufacturer of Sheffield would supply me with such information, both as to price and quality, as would enable me to remove so disgraceful a reflection on English ingenuity." The business of sword-making being, however, more immediately within the province of the Birmingham manufacturers, Mr Eyre sent Mr Gill an extract from his lordship's letter, who, in December of that year, presented a memorial to the lords of the treasury, stating that sword-blades could be made by him of as good a quality as those from Germany, or any other nation, and praying that the comparative goodness of those of both countries might be examined into.

It was not till the year 1786, that Mr Gill obtained the object of his pursuit, though he made repeated and fruitless attempts for that purpose. For, on an order for ten thousand horsemen's swords being issued by the East India Company, which was divided indiscriminately amongst English and German manufacturers, Mr Gill, being still anxious for the com-

parative proof, presented a petition to the committee of shipping of the East India Company, requesting that all the swords of the different countries and manufacturers might be proved by a test, so as to ascertain the difference of their qualities. This produced an order for that purpose, and a resolution that none but such as on inspection and proof stood that test, should be received. Accordingly, when the swords were sent to the company's warehouse, they underwent an examination by a test or machine, recommended by Matthew Boulton, Esq., of the Soho, for trying the quality or temper of the sword-blades; namely, by forcing the blade into a curved state, and which reduced its length of thirty-six inches to twenty-nine and a half inches only, from the point to the hilt. The result of this trial proved, that Mr Gill had two thousand six hundred and fifty swords received, and only four rejected; that of the German swords, fourteen hundred were received, and twenty-eight rejected, being in the proportion of thirteen to one of Mr Gill's; and that of the other English swords, only two thousand seven hundred were received, and one thousand and eighty-four rejected!

It was owing to the parsimony of the London retailers of swords, that the English swords fell into disrepute; the fact was, they employed unskillful workmen, and bought goods of an inferior quality. To corroborate this fact, it may be necessary to relate a case in point:—A London dealer having executed a commission for swords for General Harcourt's regiment of dragoons, prior to its going to North America, in the war of the revolution of that country, was called upon by the general on his return to England, and upbraided by him in the severest language of reproach, for having supplied his troops with swords of so base a quality, that they either broke to pieces, or became useless, in the first onset of an engagement, by which many of his brave soldiers were unworthily slaughtered, and his own person exposed to the most imminent danger. In this distressed predicament the contractor applied to Mr Gill, who had never before supplied him with any sword-blades, in consequence of another regiment wanting some at that time, to know at what price he could render swords of such a quality as to bear what he, the contractor, called a severe mode of trial, namely, striking the sword with violence upon a large flat stone. But Mr Gill, in answer, told him he thought it by no means so severe as it ought to be, to determine properly the real quality of swords; and that he would engage to serve him with such as should stand a much severer test, at an advance of only ninepence for horsemen's, and sixpence for small swords, more than was given to other makers for those of an inferior quality. In fact, besides subjecting his sword-blades to the test of bending them in the manner above mentioned, he caused them to be struck flatways upon a slab of cast iron, and edge-ways upon a cylinder of wrought iron, frequently a piece of a gun-barrel, which they often cut into two parts. Nay, so exceedingly tough were they, although made of cast steel, that, after cutting a gun-barrel asunder, he would frequently wind one of them around it in the manner of a riband, without its breaking; and, indeed, the greater part of the blade would recover its original straightness, the part nearest to the point only remaining in a coiled state. The result of this great success was, that he was very frequently applied to for his superior sword-blades, even by German officers, who preferred them to those of the manufacture of their own country.

STEEL BOOTS.

Charles II., when a child, was weak in the legs, and ordered to wear steel boots. Their weight so annoyed him that he pined till recreation became labour. An old rocker took off the steel boots and concealed them: promising the Countess of Dorset, who was Charles's governess, that he would take any blame for the act on himself. Soon afterwards, the king, Charles I., coming into the nursery, and seeing his boy's legs without the boots, angrily demanded who had done it? "It was I, sir," said the rocker, "who had had the honour some thirty years since to attend on your highness in your infancy, when you had the same infirmity wherewith now the prince your very own son is troubled; and then the lady Cary (afterwards Countess of Monmouth) commanded your steel boots to be taken off, who, blessed be God, since have gathered strength, and arrived at a good stature." Old Fuller, in contemplating the Restoration, tells this story, and quaintly exclaims, "the nation is too noble, when his majesty shall return from foreign parts, to impose any other steel boots upon him, than the observing the laws of the land, which are his own stockings, that so with joy and comfort he may enter on what was his own inheritance." The nation, however, forgot the "steel boots," and Charles forgot the "stockings."

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